"Ideal"

AND OTHER POEMS

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CAN PAM C
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To dear Uncle John,

with love

from

Hugh Cochrane.

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"IDEAL"

AND OTHER POEMS.

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"IDEAL" AND OTHER POEMS.

IDEAL.

The song unsung more sweet shall ring,
Than any note that yet has rung ;
More sweet than any earthly thing,
The song unsung !

A harp there lies, untouched, unstrung,
As yet by man, but time shall bring,
A player by whose art and tongue,

This song shall sound to God the King ;
The world shall cling as ne'er it clung
To God and heav'n, and all shall sing
The song unsung.

THE NEW HOPE.

I saw what others did, while I
But stood unaiding, idle by ;
And when I read, "Few enter there,"
And saw how pitiful my share
Of work for Him who died for me,—
Then all my life appeared to be
Futility.

When conquered by besetting sin,
And wrong without, impure within ;
When trust began to shake and die,
And pure and spotless waving high
I saw the standard set for me,—
Then all my life appeared to be
Futility.

I marked the failures of the past,
I saw them up before me cast ;
I asked for labor day by day,
And falt'ring, saw it speed away
A golden opportunity,—
Thus all my life appeared to be
Futility.

But now, though all imperfect yet,
I have a hope that Thou wilt let
Thy child go on, through time and tide,
Forever closer to Thy side,
Till all my life for heav'n shall be,
And I count aught but work for Thee
Futility.

FRIENDSHIP.

We learn a lesson from a season spent
In thinking o'er old friends ; the friends who gave
This life its mellowness ; who tried to save
From carking care our spirits ; those who lent
Their kind advice to every small event ;
Who cheered us on, the fiercest storms to brave ;
Who sought our path with pleasantness to pave,—
In whose departure gleams of sunshine went.

So comes the lesson. This one only thought,
Sounds in the middle of our reveries :
" If these had never lived and never brought
Before my life their many harmonies,
What had I been ? " We see, as thus it ends ,
How blesséd were, how blesséd are, our friends.

YOUR LAUGHING FACE.

Your laughing face has cheered me, friend of mine,
So gay it is, yet gently full of grace ;
I say 'tis charming, yet,—who could define
Your laughing face ?

Away, away the clouds of care you chase ;
Lo, on your forehead there is not a line ;
Dull grief departs, because it finds no place.

The world shall love that delicate design :
And so I pray, that, while time flies apace,
You still may keep, though other gifts decline,
Your laughing face.

IN DIALECT.

THE OLD MAN TALKS OF SLEEP.

Night-owl cain't be day-bird too,
True for me an' true for you ;
Cain't escape no pain or ache—
Natur's bound ter overtake,
An' she'll ketch you if you stay
'Thout your sleep buth night and day.

Owls was born to wuck at night ;
Man was made for natur's l'ght ;
Owl may hoot before the dawn,
Mornin' comes an' den he's gone—
Knows he's gotter get his res'
If his wuck's to be ther bes'.

Wait twell you get old lak' me,
Den you'll see jes' lak' I see,
How we gotter get our sleep—
Elsewise we'll hab cause to weep.
True for me an' true for you,
Night-owl cain't be day-bird too.

THE MISSOURIAN AT HOME.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
Snug as birds into a nes',
Fishin', hoein', choppin' wood,
Like a man mos' allus should.
Plowin', weedin', huntin' coon,
Dinner bell cain't ring too soon;
Gimme my share 'ith the res',
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
An' one asks me why, I sez:—
Home is home, and blood, I say,
Is thicker'n water any day;
When yer sick yer folks is 'round,
Like as when yer safe and sound;
Gimme home and nothing less,
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
Bes' on earth for grub, I guess,
Liver'n bacon, pork and greens,
Fry pertaters, corn an' beans;

Things is plain and things is good,
No place kin beat home for food;
Feel no call to change address,
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
Allus has an' will, sah, yes.
One harsh word to millium sweet,
This yere home life cain't be beat;
Little comferts mount up still,
Like as how an hour glass will;
Laughin' kids in dirty dress,
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

ASHES OF TIME.

So far away we look from this clear light
To the dim epochs of a former day,
And note the many sad, the few things bright
So far away.

Ah, me! the Present to the Past must pay
A melancholy tribute, for a sight
Of olden things is fit, once in a way.

Thus let the past things from their lonely height
Teach a new life; so shall new courage say:
"This day, sometime, thou mayst view with delight
So far away."

THOU ART THE LORD.

Thou art the Lord. At morning's light
I thank thee for thy care at night;
And in the sunny heart of noon
I praise for love and each great boon,
For all true comrades in the fight.

At morn and noon I praise thy might;
And on some grassy, sunlit height
I whisper, "I shall know thee soon:
Thou art the Lord."

Thou art the Lord, my heart would say,
As falls the curtain of the day:
Thy boundless love and matchless grace
Proclaim thee Master of each race,
The Sov'reign of each life and way.

And so at eve when night-birds' lay
I hear, and insects chirp away,
Thus, too, say I in my poor place:
Thou art the Lord.

HOPE DEFERRED.

While days go by we watch and wait
For things that are to be, and cry,
In hope deferred, "'Tis late, 'tis late,"
While days go by.

And as days go we still must sigh
For those fair ships of richest freight,
Which were to reach us bye-and-bye,

Still must endure and calculate;
And we, who search some silent sky
For signs, may not our search abate
While days go by.

JUDGE NOT.

"Judge not that judged ye be not," said that One
From heav'n, who walked on earth in human guise;
And is there any law man so defies,
Evading in some fashion? There is none.
Ideas form, we speak, the work's begun.
So many things are hidden from our eyes,
Unthought-of possibilities arise,
But still opinion speaks from sun to sun.

Only the All-wise, the All-knowing God,
High over man, may judge of human deeds;
He can explain the ways that we have trod,
For He knows all our motives, all our needs;
But man, not knowing all, to judge man seeks;
Oh, let him well beware whereof he speaks.

I LOVE THE LORD.

I love the Lord, because he first loved me,
Because his precious blood on Calvary poured,
That sinners lost, through him might ransomed be,
To live again ; for this I love the Lord.

I love the Lord for all his mercies sure,
For blessings that his love and grace afford,
For hope that cheers and strength that keeps me pure,
For peace from cares of earth, I love the Lord.

GOD BLESS THEM.

"God bless them," pray we, musing
O'er others far away,
"Thy gentle love diffusing,
Oh, visit them to-day."

"And closely to Thee pressing,
Give them, O most adored,
Thy richest, sweetest blessing—
That they may know Thee, Lord."